

THE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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THE DEFENDERS

EARTHLINGS,
UNLESS YOU INSTANTLY
SURRENDER—

YOUR PLANET

DIES!

THIS IS IT! THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE DYNAMIC
DEFENDERS AND THE BANEFUL BADGUYS!

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!

STEVE GERBER / SAL BUSCENA & VINCE COLLETTA / JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER / MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER ARTISTS GLYNIS WEIN, COLORIST / EDITOR

CET MY PCAGET GO!

UP AGAINST THE WALL!
NIGHTHAWK OF THE
DEFENDERS... MARTINEX
AND CHARLIE 27 OF
THE GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY.



PREPARED TO BLAST THEM INTO THE
WALL: A FIRING SQUAD OF THE
BROTHERHOOD OF BADDON, EARTH'S
ALIEN CONQUERORS, FOR THIS IS THE
YEAR 3015 A.D., AND THESE THREE
HAVE DARED DEFY THE RULE OF
HUMANITY'S NEW MASTERS.

ON PLANETWIDE VIDEO,
MEN AND WOMEN HUDDLED
IN SLAVE CAMPS WATCH IN
HORROR, FOR THIS IS MORE
THAN AN EXECUTION OF MEN.
A DREAM OF FREEDOM IS
ABOUT TO BE PUT TO DEATH.



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KRNGOT, AND YOUR FELLOW DEFENDER, THE ISHAN WARRIOR, HEE HAWEE!



I, TOO, WOULD RECITE MURKIN PRAYER, FELIALE.

FOR ARMED ONLY WITH THAT BLOOD YOU'VE FIST A GH...



THAT MIGHT BE. SO WHERE YOUR MARKSMANSHIP IS EQUALLY DEADLY AS YOUR WEAPON.

NONVER...



MY POWER CAN'T HELP THEM... THE DEVICES WORK ON A MIND-DEADENING PRINCIPLE...

THAT'S WHY CHARLIE AND MARTINEZ HAVEN'T BROKEN FREE ~~ALREADY~~... NEITHER SYSTEMS WON'T RESPOND TO THEIR BRAINS ORDERS TO USE THEIR POWERS...

I'D MONITORED ABUT IT-IT!

...BUT FOR NOW, COULD WE SKIP THE CONVERSATION...

OUR MILITIA MAN'S INSTINCTS HAVE RAISED YOU, CHARLIE, WE SHOULD'VE PAUSED TO CONSIDER...

...AND JUST RUN FOR OUR LIVES!

...WHAT WE MIGHT BE RUNNING INTO?



...GHOST: THE MYSTIC
MASTER OF PHYSICAL BODY GAVE
THE APPEARANCE OF DEATH,
WHAT WITH ITS MINIMAL META-
BOLIC FUNCTIONS...BUT ONLY
ESCAPEE DR. STRANGE HAD
ABANDONED THAT SHELL OF
FLESH AND ROVE...

...TO ROAM THE
COSMOS IN HIS
ASTRAL FORM.

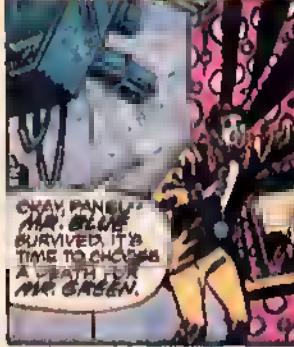
IN TRUTH, HE WAS
RESPONSIBLE FOR
VAL'S RESCUE, AND
NOW, WITH THE
SPEED OF THOUGHT...

...HE RACES
THROUGH THE DARK
VOID TO A SECOND
WEIRD WORLD...



...A PLANET OF DRUNKARDS AND ADDICTS
WHERE A FUTURISTIC TECHNOLOGY OPERATES
WITH DILIGENT DILIGENCE FOR THE VALUE OF
LIFE, A WORLD WHERE DEATH IS A
FESTIVAL...AND A GAME.

R. DEATH SWY



WAH, WAH--IT'S
EMPEROR OCTOPUS
HIMSELF WITH A NEW
CONTESTANT FOR US!

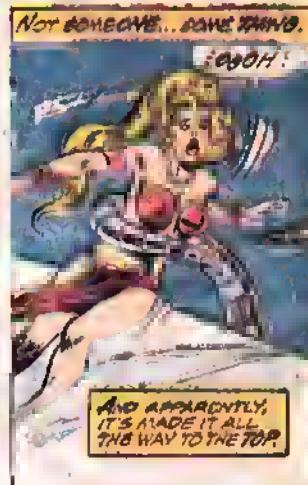
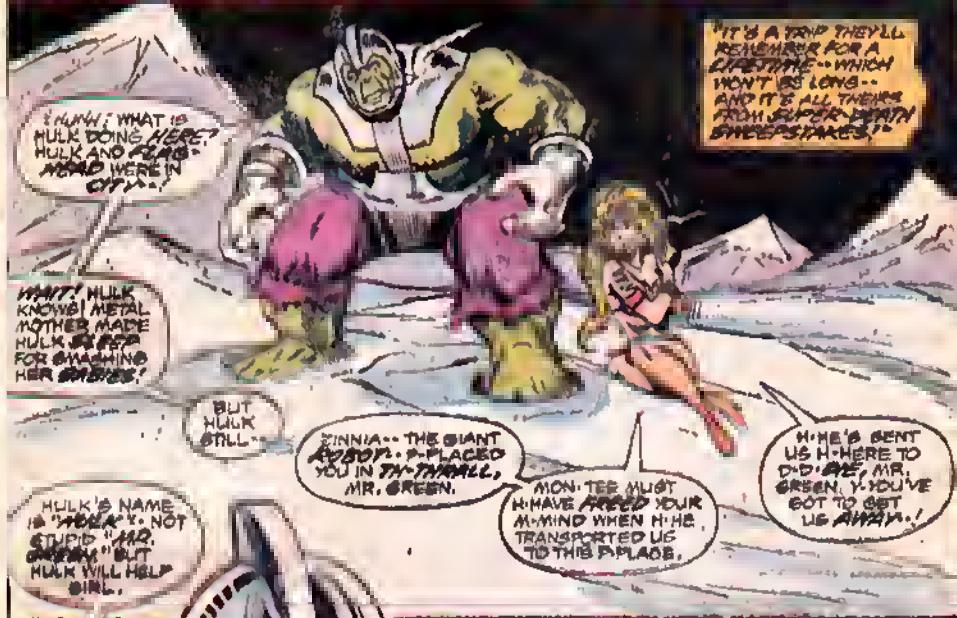
A FORMER WIFE
OF MINE, MON-TEE,
BUT FROM WHAT I
OVERHEARD IN
THE DUNGEON...

SHE PREFER
MR. GREEN AS
HER HATE.

I WISH THEM TO
DIE TOGETHER,
MON-TEE.

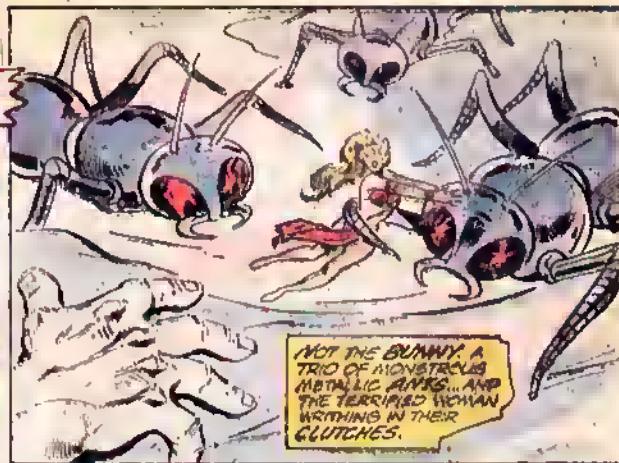
YOU HEARD THE EMPEROR'S COMMAND,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT MEANS MR.
GREEN AND HIS PRETTY FRIEND HAVE WON
A TRIP TO...

--SNOW COUNTRY! THAT ICE-COVERED BURNING WHITELAND TO THE FAR, FAR SOUTH, A FAKERS REPORT LOCATION OF DISGRACED POLITICAL EXILES AND COUNTERFEITERS NOW!



EMERALD EYES WIDE, THE JADE GIANT STALKS FORWARD TO THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE, THERE TO BEHEMOTH...

BUGS!



HOLD ON, GIRL HULK WILL CRASH...

NO! STAY BACK! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN...

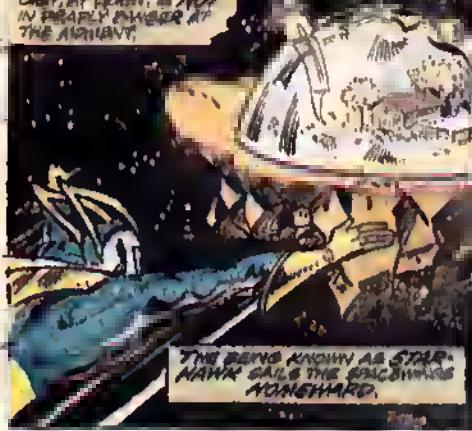


IN THE PUNISON, HULK'S HABITUE MUSCULATURE—SO DIFFERENT FROM THE SOFT, WINE-SOAKED BODIES OF THE ALIEN SHE-KNIGHT—ARROUSED HER CURIOSITY. NOW HE BUCKED FROM HER, NOTHING LESS THAN ANGEL.

IT'S THE VERY SAME VIBRATIONS THAT SWEEP OVER GREEN SKIN HUMANS, AS HE LITTLE HIS EASE FROM THE METAL BODY HE HAS BROKEN, AND BUILT...



ONE MEMBER OF OUR CAST, AT LEAST, IS NOT IN PEACEABLE MOOD AT THE AIRPORT.



HOME IS NOTHING FANCY, REALLY... JUST A HUT IN THE ROCKS, A CABIN, TREES, GRAVE, AND A HORSE.



HE IS REMINDED AGAIN WHY HE HAS LONGED FOR THIS SIMPLE PLACE.

TARA, SITA, AND JOHN ARE THEIR NAMES.



...FLEWS FROM HER.

THE CABIN'S INTERIOR IS SUDDENLY LIT WITH A FIERY PELTING ON THE COMPUTER'S VISUAL PANEL.



...BUT WHEN THE IMAGE FADES, HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO... AND GROANES AT THE THOUGHT.



"...TO EARTH." THAT'S IT--
THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE
BALDON HIGH COMMAND--
AND WE'VE GOT TO GET
INSIDE.

WE NEED ACCESS TO
THEIR COMMUNICATIONS
NETWORK TO LOCATE THE
TERRAN UNDER-

ZAKKOR AND
HIS BAND OF
FREEDOM FIGHTERS
IN NEW YORK...!

THE TASK SEEMED LEAN,
IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE--
LOOKING DOWN AT THE
WORLD ON YOUR STARSHIP'S
HOLSCREEN.

HEY, LADY... I'LL
ADMIT THE
ODDS DON'T
LOOK FAVORABLE
HERE...

BUT WE'RE
NOT
BACKING OUT NOW.
NO WAY.

I KNOW HOW
UNWANTED
IT FEELS, GOING
INTO ACTION
WITHOUT DOGS
OKAY.

BUT HE'S GONE,
VAL, AND WE'VE
PROBABLY LOST
EVERYTHING
AS WELL. WE'VE
GOT TO ACCEPT
THAT.

LISTEN TO THE BIRD-MAN,
VAL. HE'S GOT IT DOWN
RIGHT.

ACCEPT
IT-- AND
REMEMBER
WHO DID
IT.

SOMETHING I
LEARNED IN THE
SPACE MILITIA:
A LITTLE RIGHTEOUS
ANGER GOES A
LONG WAY TOWARD
EVENING THE
ODDS.

THESE ARE DR.
STRANGE'S
MURDERERS--
ALL OF THEM. THINK
OF THEM THAT WAY--
AND NO OTHER
WAY, AND JUST--

CHARGE!!



THERE'S A RING OF AUTHORITY IN THE JOVIAN'S DEEP, MUSCULAR VOICE, AND HE'S GIVEN NO COMMAND...

--BUT RATHER, OFFERED A CHALLENGE, AND THE WARRIOR-WOMAN RESPONDS.

FISTS POUNDING, BLADE SLASHING, THEY CLING TOGETHER PAST THE RING OF GUARDS, UP THE STAIRS, TO CHATTER THE STEEL DOORS...



...AND INTO THEIR ENEMIES THEY MUST.

AW, GEE--LOOKS LIKE WE WEREN'T EXPECTED!

ARM YOURSELVES! CUT DOWN THE INTRUDERS! THEY'RE TERRANS! THEY'RE...



"...ANTS!!!"

HULK SMASHES BUGS--BUT ALWAYS THERE ARE MORE.

WHAT CAN WE DO? EVEN YOU CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF FOREVER! EVENTUALLY YOU'LL TIRE, AND...

HULK! HULK MAYBE GETA TIRED, BUT HULK IS SICK OF FIGHTING STUPID, STUPID BUGS!

HULK JUST WANTS TO GO AWAY--SO HULK WILL!





NOT THAT OUR EVER-EFFERVESCENT GRACEE
WOULD ALLOW HER A WORD IN EDGewise, ANY
WAY...!



IT'S AN HISTORIC
MOMENT HERE ON
S.D.S., FOLKS--
NOT ONE, NOT TWO,
BUT THREE
SURVIVORS ON
THE SAME
EDITION
OF OUR GAME!



BUT HULK IS
GOING TO MAKE
FAT-FACE FEEL
VERY
BAD!!

UH! WE FORGOT TO
PUT MR. GREEN BACK
IN THRALL...



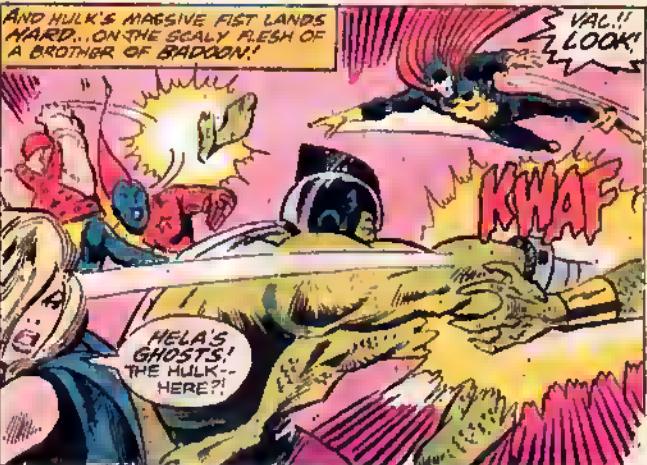
FAT-FACE WON'T HAVE
HEAD TO FORGET WITH!!

G-GUARDS...



BUT THE PUNCH
NEVER CONNECTS.
BOTH THE JADE
GIANT AND THE
BLUE BOWMAN
VANISH AT
THAT INSTANT.

AND HULK'S MASSIVE FIST LANDS
HARD... ON THE SCALY FLESH OF
A BROTHER OF BADDOON!



SEE ABOVE, THE GUARDIAN'S STARSHIP "CAPTAIN AMERICA" STILL ORBITS THE EARTH, THE HAUNTING SILENCE IN ITS CORRIDORS BROKEN AT LAST BY THE CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS...



...OR JACK NORRIS, VALKYRIE'S HUSBAND.



...THERE'S NOBODY TO SHOW IT TO! I'M ALONE ON THIS SHIP.

AT LEAST I HAD TIME TO THINK, AND EVEN REACH A CONCLUSION OR TWO.



LIKE: SINCE STUMBLING BACK INTO BARBARA'S LIFE, I'VE ACTED LIKE A PLANNING-UH-OH.

DOC? DOCTOR STRANGE? ARE YOU OKAY? CAN YOU--?

OH, MY GOD... HE'S NOT BREATHING! BUT HE CAN'T... NOT DEAD!!

IT'S TAKEN ME ALL THIS TIME TO REALIZE... AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM?



I CAUGHT PART OF WHAT YOU SAID. I'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE--WHEN I RETURN FROM EARTH.

IS BARBARA DOWN THERE? TELL ME...

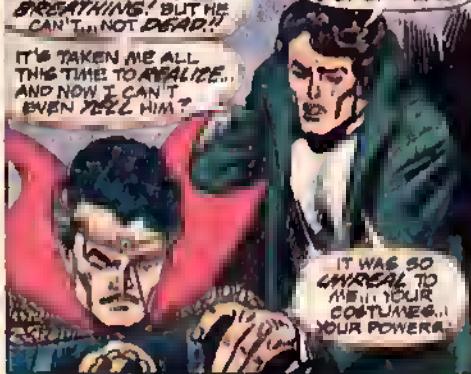


SHE IS YES.

I BELIEVE IN YOU, DOC! I BELIEVE IN THE DEFENDERS!

BUT I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW--WHY YOU'VE KEPT THE TEAM A SECRET, MOSTLY--WHY...

YEAH!! YOU'RE ALIVE!!



IT WAS SO UNREAL TO ME... YOUR COSTUMES... YOUR POWERS!



IT DOES REQUIRE A MOMENT OR TWO.

THEN I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME WITH YOU--LET ME HELP WITH THIS FIGHT.



I'M CONVINCED NOW, DOC--ABOUT YOU, THE GUARDIAN, THE BARON--ALL OF IT!



IT'S MY PLANET, TOO! I'VE THE FIGHT--!

I'M FRANKLY SHOCKED OF THIS SUDDEN CONVERSATION, MR. NORRIS. BUT PERHAPS...

YES, VERY WELL. LET'S PUT IT TO THE TEST.

CONTINUOUSLY, ALREADY NEXT PAGE



JACK GRIMACES HIS AGONY.
VAL HAS DONE UNPRECEDENTED
EVEN BY HIS OWN STANDARDS.
BUT THE MASTER MAGE
EXANGES NO EMOTION
WHATSOEVER.



HE ENERGY LOOKS UPON THE RAMPANT
WICKEDNESS... FEELS IT ASHAMED...
AND, WITH A GESTURE AND AN UTTERANCE,
DEMATERIALIZES IT.



IS THIS GORT OF
MIRACLE ROUTINE
FOR YOU, DR. STRANGE?
RISING FROM THE
DEAD?



IT WAS A MOST
CONVENIENT
MOTIVATION, TO
ALLOW THE BARDOON
TO BELIEVE WHAT
THEY CHOSE...
'TIL THE PROPER
MOMENT.

NOW THAT
MOMENT IS
NASH, WHEN
ALL EARTH
SHALL BE
MADE FREE
FOR ALL
TIME.



WE TRUST YOU'LL
BE ABLE TO MANAGE
MATTERS HERE
UNTIL WE RETURN.



THIS IS ONE
OF THE BADOOON
PRISON CAMPS,
JACK.



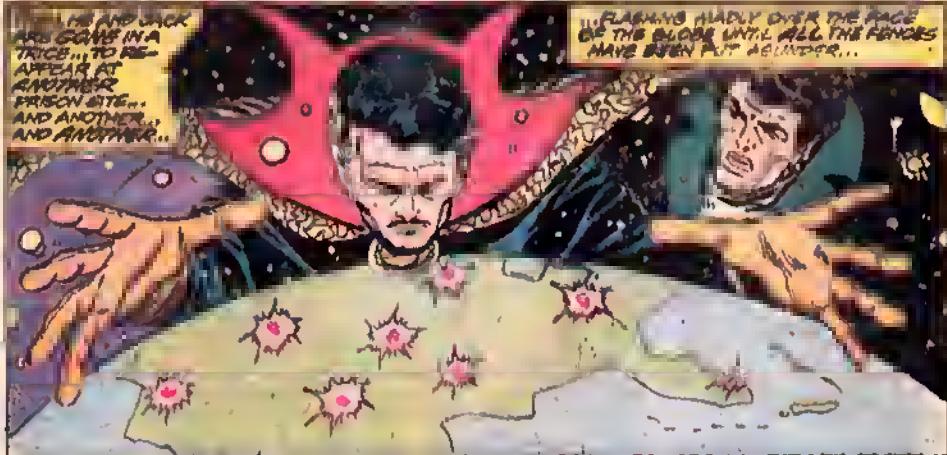
AS JACK DISPENSES WITH
THE GUARDS, THE FORGER
OR SORCERER CAUSES THE
FENCES TO DEMATERIALIZE.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

ME AND JACK
ARE GOING IN A
TRIBE... TO RE-
APPEAR AT
ANOTHER
PRISON SITE...
AND ANOTHER...
AND ANOTHER...

FLASHING MADLY OVER THE FACE
OF THE GLOBE UNTIL ALL THE HUNDREDS
HAVE BEEN PUT ASUNDER...



...UNTIL ALL FIFTY MILLION TERRAN MEN, WOMEN
AND CHILDREN HAVE BEEN LIBERATED... WITH
PREDICTABLE RESULTS. A GIGODEATH ENDS,
AS THEY RUN WILD AGAINST THEIR FORMER
BROTHERS.

IT WOULD HAVE
RENDERED ALL
THE YEARS OF
EFFORT AND LESS
MY POWER.



FROM THE PARAPET OF THE BLOODY
FORTRESS IN CHICAGO, DR. STRANGE
VIENS WHAT HE HAS BROUGHT.

WE'LL REJOIN THE OTHERS
SOON, JACK. I NEEDED
A MOMENT HERE FIRST.

...TO CONVINCE
MYSELF OF THE
NECESSITY
OF WHAT I'VE
DONE.

...EVEN THOUGH
I'M SURE MY
CONTRIBUTION
WASN'T A
NECESSITY.

WHAT
WE
BID,
BOO...

YOU COULD'VE
WRAPPED THE
BAPDOFF THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH ALL BY
YOURSELF,
COULD'NT YOU?
WHY-?



PERPETUAL,
DR. STRANGE,
FREEDOM
MUST BE
GUARDED
TO BE
VALUED.

WHO IN
THE
WORLD...

I SUSPECT
HE IS NOT
OF THIS
WORLD,
JACK...

...THOUGH HE HAS CHOSEN TO
PLAY SOME ROLE IN ITS
DESTINY, I'VE SEEN HIM
BETIDE, DEPARTING THE
SWAMPWORLD OF THE BADDOON,
HAVING FORCED VALKIRIE
AND VANCE ASTRO THERE.

THEN YOU
OUGHTN'T BE
CERTAIN...

I AM NO
ENEMY
OF EARTH.

...AND THAT
YOU MAY
DARE? IN WHAT
I SAY.

YOU AND YOUR
DEFENDERS
HAVE DONE ALL
YOU CAN HERE.
YOU MUST RE-
TURN TO YOUR
OWN ERA.

IT IS TRUE... I FIND NO ENEMY
IN YOU. BUT NEITHER HAVE I
EVIDENCE THAT YOU ARE A
SEER.

WE PLDED TO
SEE EARTH AGAIN
BEFORE WE
DEPARTED.

WHO ARE
YOU TO ASK
THAT WE DO
LESS?

I AM...
ONE WHO
KNOWS.

TELL
HIM,
JACK
NORMIES

D'OOD, I HAVEN'T BEEN
RIGHT ABOUT THINGS
LATELY... TOO MANY NEW
EXPERIENCES BOMBARD-
ING MY HEAD... BUT...

I RECOGNIZE SOMETHING
IN THIS GUY... SOMETHING
OF ME... AND OF
BARBARA.

THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS HAS
RECOGNIZED IT, TOO: THE SYNTHESIS OF
OPPOSITES WITHIN THIS BEING.

I KNOW THIS
SOUNDS CRAZY...
BUT HE'S LIKE
ALL OF US... AND
NONE OF US... AND
I LIKE HIM.

HE LOOKS
DEEPLY
INTO STAR-
NAVA'S
EYES...

...AND MORE.

